05/08/2020 War is Toxic



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Chapter 1 by Glowy-Druglord

"Power plant meltdown," the gruff-voiced soldier told his dear friend, who was smoking a cigarette, "are rough."

He blew out a puff of the smoke into to the polluted air, flicking the tobacco product once with his finger. "No kidding. Do you remember what this place even looked like when before Inc. come?"

The first soldier sighed behind his gas mask. "Like it was yesterday. I used to have a beautiful wife back in New York, she took care of my only son, Thomas. He was only two when I last saw him, he was seven when the power plant exploded." He lifted his mask up and took a long sip of his Mountain Dew. "Good thing we still have these. I would have gone crazy without Mountain Dew in my life. What about you? Who did you loose?"

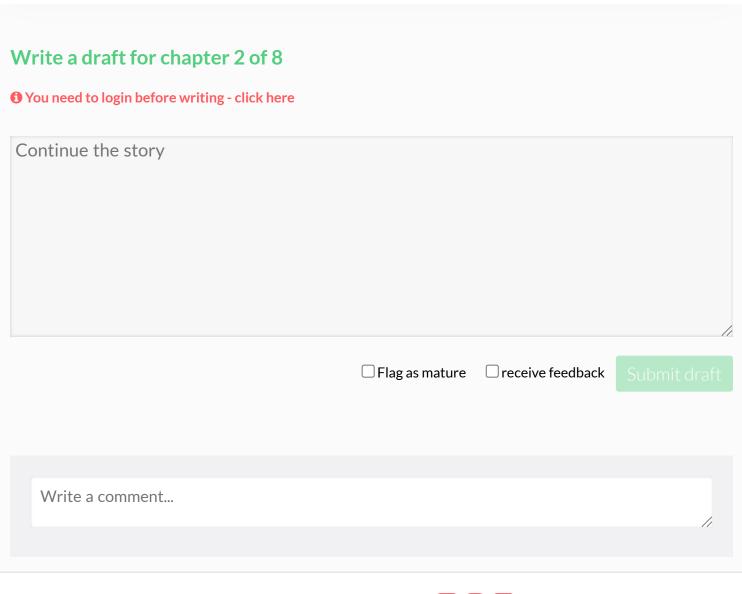
"My sister. She had her whole life ahead of her. Remember those shirts I wore to work those few days? She designed those."

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